

Aug. 12, 1945

Fletchie darling,

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As I write, the Jap negotiations are on and it looks as if it were definitely the end of the War. Those words are so good it's hard to believe! London had a big celebration on Friday when the news first broke. Piccadilly was jammed - it was very amusing to watch. But I'd better go back a bit.

Thursday I decided to go to London to see what the score was about me. I went up Friday morning and went to see the people in the personnel office. They had never heard of me and had no record of me: i.e. somehow my records in the central offices had gotten lost. Well, to make a long story short, darling, I am going to be transferred again into a unit which is soon to be on its way! So here we go again, sweet! I'll believe it, of course, only when I'm actually aboard ship. Something may happen to my orders; the Jap surrender may change the whole redeployment program, and we might get hung up. But, barring accidents, acts of God, etc., I shall have you in my arms again before September's done. So hold tight, darling, and pray a little bit; and get lots of sleep and rest, because you won't get much pretty soon!

Well, nacherly, what with the Jap news breaking, and this personal news of great merit it was obvious that celebration was in order. I had called Dordy and she met me at the Dorchester at 5:30. She had some British friends in tow; we had a few Scotch & sodas, and then went to the Mayfair for dinner. There we were joined by Steve Meighers and Ted Sieubert whom I had run into at the Junior Officers' Club. We finally repaired in a group to one of the night clubs where we danced and drank until the dawn. Drove home in the early light to Coterham - where, by some extraordinary fate, we arrived safely. It was a great evening!

Yesterday, however, was tough! We were hung, of course, and tired, but after a light lunch and a few marts, we were able to play four sets of tennis with the Mister & Missus before I took the train down here. Finally arrived here about 11:30, dead tired.

I'm certainly glad I went! If I hadn't, I'd probably still be here in 1946 - lost to the world - with no records in the files and nobody aware of my existence.

So there you have it, sweet. There's not much else to say or talk about. I won't be able to tell you for a while when to expect me, but I think I will be leaving here in a couple of days. Then I may be able to find out more exactly at my new post.

Now I'm all impatient again. \*\*\*\*\*

G'bye, sweet, for now.